

So, what are you doing in here?

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Summary: Simon always thought that he would never end up in a holding cell. Raphael never thought that the cops would let someone this hot stay in a holding cell with him. Yet, here they were.

So, what are you doing in here?

Raphael didn't even look up when the cell door was opened, staring at his ripped designer jeans instead.

>"Decided to finally let me out?" he asked, voice laced with annoyance.
"Dream on, Santiago. That was the third time we caught you beating up some guy, you're staying until someone bails you out." the officer answered immediately as if the whole thing was some kind of routine between them, which well, it was.

>"This time you'll get a cellmate though, don't hurt him, would you?" was added, causing Raphael to raise his head after all.
His dark eyes met hazel ones, the rowdy raising one of his perfect eyebrows in a questioning matter. "So, why are you here? Caught by the Fashion Police, nerd?" he asked smirking, referring to the faded jeans which were paired up with a geeky shirt.

>Simon gasped quietly. When he had agreed to go clubbing with his best friend Clary and a few other mutual friends, he hadn't expected to end up spending a night in prison, with some guy who apparently was violent against others. "Drunk in public.." he muttered, cheeks colouring red with embarrassment.
A second eyebrow made its way to the first as the stranger stared at Simon, not exactly believing him. "You? Drunk in public? You look completely sober." he said with a small huff.

>Simon shrugged "I feel mostly sober too, just didn't seem to act sober when they picked me up, so here I am."
Raphael laughed, causing Simon to look at him properly, the sound heavenly to his ears.

>He let his eyes wander over this stranger, taking in the sight of dark hair, all tousled, curling in the ends. His gaze flickered towards the seemingly expensive clothes which he wore, biting his lips as he noticed his almost unbuttoned shirt, a patch of smooth

pale skin showing.
Quickly glancing back up, his eyes caught onto a small injury, a cut, on Raphael's forehead.

>He stepped forward until he was right in front of him, ignoring the way the stranger stared back at him, frowning.
Simon took out a handkerchief.

>"I'm studying medicine, trust me, I can treat this." he said, voice gentle as he carefully dabbed the cloth onto the wound. His hand came up, cupping the back of Raphael's neck so that he could steady him and the rowdy swore that if this medicine student wasn't so adorable, he would have punched him for just standing this close, even more so for actually touching him.
Raphael smirked slightly "You know, normally when people stand this close to me, I usually know their name." he said, before shrugging "But you're kind of hot so I won't actually complain." he winked at him, causing the taller to step away, blushing profusely.

>"W-What? I.. I never.. I mean.. You.." Raphael chuckled quietly and stepped back into his space, index finger sliding down his chest.
"Hush, just tell me your name, would you?" he asked him, quite enjoying his cellmate already.

>The man gasped, biting his bottom lip. "Simon.." he mumbled, looking away.
"Raphael Santiago." was the answer he received and all of a sudden he felt a warm thumb against his bottom lip, separating it from his teeth.

>"You're adorable, Simon. I like that." Raphael whispered, a shiver running down the taller male's spine at those words.
"I.. I... Am..?" he asked confused, not exactly used to people telling him that, especially not while touching him this closely.

>Raphael nodded, tongue darting out to lick his lips. Simon couldn't help but stare, mesmerized by the movement.
This was weird, why did he feel so drawn to this man? They've just met and this certainly wasn't a Disney movie.

>He felt his heart thumping in his chest, as Raphael chuckled. "Stop doubting yourself, idiot. If I say so, then I mean it. Where would be the fun if I didn't?" he rolled his eyes, stepping even closer.
Cursing himself silently, Simon only stared into those beautifully dark eyes, not even able to take a step back.

>He could feel Raphael's breath against his own lips, knowing that he was a fool for wanting to kiss the stranger right now.
Raphael though didn't seem to mind; leaning closer, their lips almost touching when-

>"Simon!" a loud voice boomed through the room, the male immediately jumping back, trying to look as groomed as possible, willing himself out of the daze he'd been in before.
Raphael rolled his eyes, annoyed by whoever decided that now was the best time to interrupt.

>His eyes scanned over a small female with red hair, who marched towards them.
"Cl-Clary.." Simon exclaimed, gulping as he saw the predatory look in her eyes.

>"Simon Lewis. I leave you alone for what, two minutes? And you get yourself arrested? When I was told, I rushed over like there's no tomorrow and you're all happy here, making out with someone?!"
Once more, Simon gulped, cursing himself. "I.. We.. No.. I mean.. We weren't.. I.. I wouldn't.."

>Raphael couldn't help but chuckle at that.
"Oh come on, baby, don't be shy. If she hadn't turned up, you'd be pressed up against that wall by now." he said nonchalantly, a smirk on his full lips which made Simon blush, pushing away the images it brought to his imagination.

>Clary shook her head. "Too much information, guys, too much information." she turned towards Simon. "I'm bailing you out, come

on." to Raphael, she grinned "Thanks for taking care of him." she winked.
"Oh, she's a good one, baby, keep her." he answered and Simon just shook his head walking out of the cell as the door was opened.

>Something caught his wrist and he looked back, surprised as he felt Raphael tugging him back in. He was holding out a piece of paper.

"Call me, nerd." he rasped, watching in delight as Simon nodded and took the number.
Raphael then leant forward. "You better do it quickly. I'm all bored in here otherwise." he whispered, lips brushing over Simon's cheek before he pulled away.

>"Adios, baby." he sighed content, leaning back as he watched them both leave.
If he stared at Simon's ass for the most time though, well, who could blame him?

****Hey, so we hoped you liked this! We have an idea concerning a first date for this and we were wondering if you guys would like to see that? Please tell us what you think?****

End
file.